

Weekly Chronicle.

VOL. V.

CHILLICOTHE, LIVINGSTON CO., MISSOURI, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1882.

NO. 25

THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

Peter Cooper's Letter to Senator Beck.

The Defeat of Sherman's Refunding Bill Demanded.

The Cheap Transportation Question Settled.

The Kind of Democracy the People Demand.

SINATOR BECK—My Dear Sir: I see that John Sherman is making a desperate effort in the senate, to force a vote on his 3 per cent funding bill, at as early a day as possible.

The people of this country who have given some attention to this financial question are watching with deep interest the discussion that is taking place in reference to this bill. This bill cannot be regarded in any other light by intelligent minds than an effort on the part of those who advocate it, to fasten a portion of the public debt upon the people, so that it cannot easily be paid, and to perpetuate the existence of the national banks.

Sensors who support this bill, will not, as I believe, in the future, be supported by the people.

I sincerely hope that you will make one of your ablest speeches in opposition to this bill, and in favor of abolishing bank currency as fast as the characters of these banks expire. This whole system of issuing money and making it a gratuity to rich bankers, is one of the most infamous frauds ever perpetrated upon the people.

Now, can any plausible reason be given why the government of the United States should issue \$300,000,000 of notes, and endeavor to pay the same with the function of money, and practically make them a free gift to rich bankers, while the masses of the people have to work for every dollar of this money that comes into their possession?

Why, sir, if this volume of currency was issued in the form of legal tender notes, the working classes of this country would supply for it, the labor and material required to build two lines of double track railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and fully equip these roads, and in addition thereto, construct fifty first-class ocean steamers, by which the question of cheap transportation, both at home and abroad, could forever be settled in the interests of the people.

Railroads built in this way would be owned by the people, and through them they could interchange their products without having more than half of them consumed in paying large dividends on watered stocks, and hired interest on preferred stocks, in fact, without paying interest on any stocks or bonds whatever. Why not introduce a bill that shall make provision for retiring bank currency as the bank charters expire, and to substitute for the notes of the expiring banks, treasury notes made legal tender, and at the option of the government redeemable in coin, or in a three per cent inter-convertible bond, and put the treasury notes thus to be issued in circulation by providing cheap transportation routes for the people, as I have heretofore said.

Why should the people who create the wealth of the nation, be compelled to contribute the largest share of that wealth to the owners of the money, and the owners of the transportation lines, the medium through which the products of the people's labor are interchanged?

Why should Messrs. Gould, Vanderbilt, Sage, Miller, Huntington, Crocker, and a few other railroad managers, and a few hundred bankers in New York be permitted to accumulate the hundreds of millions of dollars, by simply controlling the money and transportation, that should belong to the whole people?

Is it not because we have men of John Sherman's stamp in the United States senate and in congress who are legislating in the interests of these parties?

Is it not about time that such men should step aside and the true representative of the people's interests should step to the front and pass measures for the benefit of the people, and not solely for that of rich bankers and railroad managers?

If this 3 per cent funding bill of John Sherman's stamp, the bonds it provides for issuing, would command a premium in one year of four or five per cent which would be two or three times the amount of the interest saved over the 3 per cent.

Besides this with our surplus revenues, it would only require about 34 years to pay off every one of the 3 per cent bonds.

This cry of Mr. Sherman's of "saving interest" is just a pretense on his part; the real object of the bill is to perpetuate the public debt, and by that means to continue to issue bank currency. The whole system of issuing currency by banks, whether they are private, state or national, is one that will bring panics, and widespread bankruptcy and financial ruin.

It is a perpetual scheme for inflation and contraction, for sending the prices of property up, and sending them down; for permitting people to get in debt on bank paper and forcing them to pay "these debts in coin" for selling property when it is high, and buying it on fore-closures when it is low.

About every ten years the business men of this country are forced through bankruptcy, and their property is absorbed by bankers and money lenders through the process.

I send you, herewith, some documents which contain tables, taken from the finance report which will show you how inflation and contraction was carried on under the old state bank system; and also show what a system of legalized fraud the present system of national banks would become if the legal tenders were destroyed, and the tax on bank circulation removed.

I also send you a copy of my letter to Secretary Folger, reviewing his last report. I trust you will examine these documents carefully, and that your voice will be heard with great clearness on this subject, before a vote is taken on this bill of Mr. Sherman's.

Congress should at once prohibit any further refunding of the public debt, and should pay the debt as fast as possible. It should also prohibit any further recharter of the national banks, or the issue of any more bank currency of any kind, it should provide also for the unlimited coinage of gold

and silver, and for the issue of gold and silver certificates and legal tender notes, to take the place of the notes of the national banks as fast as their charters expire. In addition to this it should provide cheaper transportation, and postoffice savings banks for the people.

This will secure the best interests of those who create the wealth of the nation by labor, and not solely of those who absorb that wealth through class legislation and special privileges. One reason why Mr. Sherman is pushing this 3 per cent bill is that \$243,000,000 of the bonds now held by the treasury to secure bank currency are the 3 per cent and by paying these off as rapidly as is now being done, the banks are compelled to surrender their circulation or pay a high premium for 4 per cent bonds to be held as their legal reserve, and as security for these notes.

The questions of currency and the payment of the public debt are of vast importance to the American people. The future stability and prosperity of our government depend greatly upon a wise settlement of these momentous interests.

The American people will never allow these subjects to rest quietly until they are safely moored to those sure foundation principles of eternal truth and justice on which our fathers placed the constitution of the United States. The constitution was designed to establish a government of the people for the people, and make it a shield of protection for the unsuspecting masses of the people against those that are resorting to all forms of art to obtain property without labor. The framers of the constitution would never have recommended one kind of money for the government, and another for the people, and another for the banks.

In settling these questions of debt and currency we should be governed by the opinion of such a strong champion of democracy as Thomas Jefferson, when, in his letter to Mr. Epps, he said:

"Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which they can rely for loans; it is the only resource which can run but that, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose. Treasury bills, based on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, as may be found necessary, thrown into circulation will take the place of so much gold or silver, which last, when crowded, will find an outlet into other countries, and thus keep the quantity of medium at its salutary level."

That great statesman and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, also, has given us a valuable suggestion in reference to our currency, when he said: "On the whole, no method has hitherto been found to establish a medium of trade, equal in all its advantages to bills of credit, made a general legal tender. Paper money, well founded, has great advantages over gold and silver, being light, and convenient for handling in large sums, and not likely to be reduced by demand for exportation."

That John C. Calhoun, while a member of the United States senate, said: "No one can doubt but that the government credit is better than that of any bank—more stable and more safe."

Bank paper is cheap to those who make it, but dear, very dear to those who use it. On the other hand, the credit of the government, while it would greatly facilitate its financial operations, would cost nothing, or next to nothing, to the nation. It would be a medium of exchange, and would be of course, add nothing to the cost of production, which would give every branch of our industries—agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, as far as its circulation might extend, great advantages both at home and abroad; and I now undertake to affirm, and without the least fear that I can be answered, that a paper issued by government, with the simple promise to receive it for all its debts, leaving its creditors to take it, or gold, or silver, at their option would, to the extent it could circulate, from a perfect paper circulation, which could not be abused by the government; that it would be as uniform in value as the metals themselves, and I shall be able to prove that it is within the constitution and powers of congress to issue such a paper in the management of its finances, according to the most rigid rule of constraining the constitution."

The following is also from the pen of Herbert Spencer, who is regarded as one of the first writers and ablest thinkers of his age. "England's legal tender currency does not in reality base her currency on specie, nor could she without bringing all business to a dead stop in a very short time. She just mixes enough of this specie basis in her finances to continually or periodically divert the laboring classes of their earnings for the benefit of the nobility. But for the basis of value to her currency, she makes the notes of the Bank of England, as well as her coins, a full legal tender for the payment of debts, but not the notes of the other banks. From this we see that even in England specie basis is a mere fiction, a false pretence."

I see that suggestions are being made by the officers of the government, and bills are being introduced which aim to destroy the legal tender quality. This could not be done except with the greatest hazard. Our government having been literally compelled to issue and use a legal tender paper money in order to save the nation's life, has by its use, caused the whole property of the country to be measured by its purchasing power. By this use of paper money the government has created a most solemn obligation on its part to do no act to increase or diminish the amount of paper money beyond the absolute necessities of the government. As an increase of the amount would inflate prices without increasing real values, in the same proportion a diminution of currency must cause all property to shrink in price, and thereby put it out of the power of the people to pay their debts.

One thing is certain that the public and private debts can never be paid by a governmental policy that shrinks the currency, destroys values, paralyzes industry, enforces idleness, and brings wretchedness and ruin to the homes of millions of the American people. It is equally true that Americans

can never buy anything cheap from foreign countries that must be bought at the expense of leaving our own good raw materials unused, and our own labor unemployed. It should be remembered that neither gold, silver, copper, nickel, nor paper are money without the stamp of the government upon it. The constitution has made it the duty of congress to coin the money of our country and regulate the value thereof, and fix a standard of weights and measures as the only possible means by which commerce can be regulated between foreign nations and among the several states.

The people look to you and your associates to protect their interests, and I trust you will pardon me for thus pressing upon you the importance of legislating upon the question of the money, in such a way as to provide for the prosperity of the masses, and not solely for the benefit of a few who have secured special charters and privileges for their own benefit.

Very respectfully yours,
PETER COOPER.

Passenger Agent's Primer.

Who is this pompous-looking man? He is a passenger agent. He is a lawyer, for he gets his living by telling lies about everybody's road, his own included. He can build more roads and regulate their policy better (in his mind) than either Jay Gould or Vanderbilt. Does he eat doughnuts for breakfast and crackers for dinner to save money for the company? Oh, no, my dear. The company pays for a square meal just the same, but he has the dyspepsia from reading of the trade journals in his spare time.

He works for the "best railroad in the country." He always does. There is no other road that runs through such a peculiar climate. In winter there is a great deal of verdancy on his line, but it is mostly in the passenger cars, and in mid-summer, when passengers by other lines are broiling in the heat and suffocated by dust, his passengers are comfortably lying back in cushioned seats with light overcoats on. His road is stone ballast, steel rails, patent couplers and buffers, runs all the way in the shade, conductors and brakemen eagerly watching for a chance to hold a crying baby or bring a glass of water to a good looking lady, and when the train reaches its destination, instead of hurrying back home, they wait around until the passengers are stowed safely away in "buses, carriages or other trains. Other roads may claim to do this, but it is not so; he is the only line. Ask him and he'll tell you so.

What is that scar on his cheek? It was there when he was wounded in the service of his company. He was tackling up a card (showing the enlightening advantages of his line) and in his hurry to get the card up he threw the hammer back too far and it struck him on the cheek, knocking off that piece. Did it dent the hammer? I think not, my child, as they make these hammers extra hard.

If you should buy a ticket from him, and find that you had to change cars about 14 times more than he had told you about, don't swear at him when you get back. Just go up to him and tell him you are going out again, but don't like his line. He will explain it all, and if you enjoy a good romance you will get it. It would be nice to be a passenger agent if you did not have to tell the truth at all times.

Washington Society in 1825.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington had been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few senators or representatives brought their wives to the city, and those who did, were a pair of ordinary set would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at head quarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse was maintained between those who met at dinner-parties and at evening entertainments were like members of one family, in general sympathy.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its simplicity, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball-dress was of white India crape, and five-breasted, each a quarter of a yard wide, and all that were asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow lounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk and rosettes and tiny buckles.

These gentlemen who dressed fashionably were "Boilvar" frock-coats of some gay-colored cloth—blue, or green or claret—with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high boots, and sometimes three waistcoats each, of different colors; and these were fastened at the waist by a watch-pocket dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full-dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, all-stuffed white cravats, small-cloth ties, or light-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings and pumps.

Whose Boy is That?

He may be seen any day, in almost any part of the town—he never makes room for you on the sidewalk, looks at you saucily, is very impudent, and often vulgar to women who pass—he delights in frightening, and sometimes does serious injuries to little boys and girls—he lounges at the street corners and is the first arrival at a dog fight or any other sort of a scrape—he crowds into the postoffice in the evening, and multiplies himself and his antics at such a rate that people having legitimate business there are crowded out; he thinks himself very sharp, he is certainly very noisy—he can smoke and chew tobacco now and then, and rip out an oath almost any time—he asks whose boy he is? Mother, is he yours? We think he is, for there are many good qualities in the lad, and we do not think that you know what he does in the street. Look after him, mother, keep him more at home, train him, and you will have a son to be proud of some day.

The more honesty man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—Lover.

THE TANGLED SKEIN.

Oh lives that are crowned with failures, Repeated again and again, At your feet and hands are vainly tried To straighten life's tangled skein.

Does sad voiced melody whisper Of a robe of innocence worn, When young life, pure and stainless, stood At the rosy gates of morn?

Does your heart grow sick and heavy, As it silently points you back, To the sweetest ways your feet have trod, Since you left the shining track?

Have you raised your eyes in pleading To heaven's pure smiling blue, And longed with unspoken anguish To begin your life anew?

Have you made a few feeble efforts To reach the gates of gold, While the eyes of the world were watching you, Critical, stern and cold?

Ah! the world saw only the fearful fall, When you slipped from the narrow way, But God sees the dark temptations That lead your feet astray.

The world points with mocking laughter To the waste and barren lands, And longed with unspoken anguish To begin your life anew.

His ear is never heavy, His eye is never dim, And what the world misunderstands Is clear as light to him.

The sun keeps steadily shining, The moon keeps steadily bright, And patient, waiting, full, Will untangle the skein at last.

—Edith J. Arny in *Marine Farmer*

AUNT MARSTON'S LEGACY.

Aunt Marston was dead, and I sat looking at the legacy she had left me in her will. "To my beloved niece, Nellie Louphoe, the faithful nurse, the loving comforter of declining years, I bequeath my gold ball earrings, with the brooch to match, marked with my initials in black enamel." Thus ran the passage referring to me.

When my cousin, Lucinda Marston, handed me the little morocco case, she could scarcely repress a smile of triumph as she thought of the great difference a few short weeks had made in our relative positions.

I had been brought up by Aunt Marston, had lived in ease and luxury all my life, while my cousin had been obliged for years to earn her own living by sewing. I had always looked upon Greyladies as my home, while she had never been invited to spend even a week at the delightful old country house on the Hudson since she was a child. And now she had come into possession of the old homestead, and I, her favorite, whom she had hated and despised for so many years, was put off with this insignificant bequest!

"After all your toadying," she said with a sneer, "it is too bad to be put off with a shilling; but if Mr. Lewis—the other executor—knows anything about it, they are worth a great many shillings, for he says they are solid eighteen carat gold, and that Ormulu, who had them made, would give you \$50 for them to-day. However, you are welcome to them. And now I suppose you will see the necessity of looking about for another home."

The bitter, insulting words, the desolate, deserted feeling at being thus cruelly turned out of the only home I knew, overcame the amiable calmness which I had hitherto borne with my irreparable loss, and I threw myself on my bed and wept, as I never in my short, happy life thought it possible I could weep.

I don't know how long it lasted, but when I became calm my heart still ached, but my brain seemed clearer, and I could look my situation in the face. I was a orphan, I knew that, well, for I loved my aunt dearly, and had always given her a daughter's willing devotion, without one thought beyond the present. I even told Charlie Burnett, to whom I was engaged with her consent, and whom I loved with all my heart, that "we'd better bid a wee—" for I could not leave my second betrothed to fend for himself, and be cared for by his relatives.

Aunt Eunice had often said to me, "You and Charlie will not have to wait long, dear child, and I will see that your future is provided for."

I did not care for myself, but I felt so disappointed for his sake, when I found that I was left absolutely penniless.

I think now, as I look back, that after she became paralyzed she wanted to say something to me about it; for as she lay there so white and still, almost like a piece of statuary, the muscles about her lips would twitch as if trying to form words, and the ever restless eyes would turn on me with an earnest appeal, but I had no time to give any expression of a dumb appeal, until she was suffering undisturbed.

But she died and made no sign, and now Charlie must plod along in the old way, and I must try to earn my own living, for I had made up my mind that I would never be an additional burden on the poor fellow.

I thought of the jewel case with a sigh of disappointment, as I thought of all over, and then, ashamed of myself, took it up again and kissed the well known trinkets, in fact, the only ones my aunt ever wore, and put them tenderly away among my other treasures—her gowns and Charlie's—in the trunk I was packing.

As the frailty of human resolutions! Charlie would not be of my earning my own living, and though he did not exactly threaten to commit suicide if I refused, he looked so utterly miserable and forlorn that I was forced to reconsider my decision.

Charlie and I are quite old married folks now, and four little, curly-haired, restless bodies tumble about in the small, poor room that serves me as a bedroom, sitting-room and nursery, coming to mamma with their small but and pains to be kissed well and petted, while often my head and heart are both aching.

So many little mouths to feed, so many little limbs to clothe and sew for; so many little heads to be never still to cover with shoes that wear out too fast. It is no wonder that Charlie has to wear his coat till it is threadbare, and my only best dress is my old black silk made over again and again, which with lace ruffles at the wrists and throat, and Aunt Marston's legacy, forms my gala-day toilet.

I would not complain to myself, but Charlie looks so pale and tired, and his cough gets worse and worse every day. If he only could go into the country for a month or two, the doctor says, rest himself, keep in the open air, drink plenty of milk and take plenty of gentle

exercise, such as a little rowing or riding, he could get well.

My head aches with thinking how to get the money that will save Charlie's life. My darling husband, so devoted, so unselfish, depriving himself of even the smallest indulgence for me and my little ones! I think bitterly of the unequal distribution of the good things of this world; so few have all, and many have nothing at all; but when I think so, Charlie laughs and says, "I'm a little communist, a dangerous character, and should be suppressed."

As usual, while I am sitting sewing, I am devising a thousand impracticable schemes, when my reveries are interrupted by my elder boy, Robert.

"Oh, mamma! see those beautiful ponies!"

Look out and see a phædon drawn by a span of black ponies, and seated at her ease, her lap-dog beside her, I recognize my cousin, Lucinda Marston. How circumstances have changed! She and her dog in my place. I and my children living a life of privation. My husband dying for the need of the money she lavished on horses and dogs in a week!

I cannot help a reproachful feeling toward my aunt as I reflect on her capricious treatment of me. At sight of that cruel fate I live over again that last dreadful interview when my cousin gave me the jewels. Her words rang in my ears once more, but with a new meaning.

"Ormulu would give you \$50 for these," she had said.

"Fifty dollars!" I exclaimed aloud. "Fifty dollars means rest, country air, rowing, riding, life, and health for Charlie!"

I opened the satin-lined box and looked at the yellow bangles, that smiled and twinkled in their soft bed, as if they were glad they were going to be of some use at last.

"Oh, you treasure!" I said, and kissed them rapturously and with a thankful heart.

While I put on my hat and shawl I had mentally made away with half my legacy, for I had bought Charlie a new suit, nice, warm flannels and all, and barely left him enough to pay his board with in the country. Carried away by the excitement of the moment, I scarcely knew what I was doing till I found myself in the palatial store at Bank street, and heard a gentlemanly voice say, in answer to my question: "Will you please wait a moment, madam?"

He spoke to an elderly man, who in a while came to me and said: "Would you mind telling me, madam, how much of jewelry came into your possession?"

My heart sank. There seemed to be something of a doubt as to whether they had been honestly come by.

"Certainly not," said I. "They were left to me by my aunt Miss Eunice Marston. You may perhaps remember that she bought them here."

"Will you please give me your name and address?"

I did so, and found that the younger man knew my husband well, and also remembered having seen me in the store with my aunt.

"Do you know, madam, what these jewels are worth?"

"About \$50, I suppose," I said.

He took one of the earrings out of the case, and giving a little twist and a light pressure of the small gilt knob at the lower side of the ball, it opened into two parts; taking off the golden envelope, he held up to my astonished eyes an immense solitary diamond that sparkled and blazed like a star as it trembled in his hand.

The earrings are worth \$10,000, and with the brooch, which opens, too, you see, the set is worth \$25,000.

The words had no meaning to me; everything faded before my eyes—all was darkness. When I came to my senses I was lying on a lounge, and a sweet-looking lady sat by me bathing my head. When I was sufficiently recovered to think of what had happened, and was assured that it was not a dream, I had another interview with the gentleman, who like the gent in Arabian nights, had evoked such wonders from a simple golden ball.

Upon my signifying my desire to sell the jewels, an agreement was made, and I went out of the store a rich woman, with Ormulu & Co's check for \$25,000 in my pocket.

When I reached home, Charlie stood at the front door waiting for me, looking anxious, poor fellow, for no one could tell where I had gone, and it was very unusual for me to be out when he came home. He must have thought I had gone crazy, when, putting the check in his hand, I threw my arms round his neck right there in the vestibule, and crying as if my heart would break, said—

"Oh, Charlie! Oh, Charlie!" Then when he had taken me into the house, I drew all my little ones into my arms, crying, "Oh, my darlings! my darlings!"

When my excitement had abated somewhat, I thought of the precious paper.

"Where is the check?" I said.

"Check!" said Charlie. "Poor darling, trouble has turned your brain."

But upon my insisting very much as one humors a sick child, he consented to hand over, and pretended to look for it.

"Here is something, papa," exclaimed Any, as she put in his hand a crumpled bit of paper she had picked up in the hall.

I can see that expression on his face. I do really believe my husband, for a minute, thought I had, in my insanity, been guilty of forgery, burglary, highway robbery, or some dreadful thing.

It seems but yesterday, and yet five happy years have gone since then, and we have a house of our own, with a cozy library full of books for Charlie, and a large sunny, lovely room for the children's nursery.

You wouldn't know Charlie, he is so rugged and brown. He is now cashier of the bank in which he began as a clerk boy. We are not rich by any means, but have everything we need and many luxuries.

No matter; Charlie and my darling Eunice are happy, and I wish Aunt Eunice could look into my grateful heart to-night—a heart so filled with a sense of all my blessings that I can scarcely see through the happy tears that fill my eyes, to write these few last words.

A hotel containing five hundred rooms and costing \$150,000 is to be erected in the National Yellowstone park.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Dangers of the System—Regulating the Use of the Wires.

New York Herald.

The New York board of fire underwriters has been devoting much time and attention to the investigation of the electric light, with a view of ascertaining the precise extent of the danger from fire resulting from its use and the best precautions to be adopted. Electricity for the purposes of illumination, which has come into vogue so rapidly, is not thoroughly understood by fire underwriters. The burning of the Randolph mills, in Philadelphia, where so many lives were lost, and several other recent disastrous fires, which are known to have originated in the electric-light wires, have induced the fire underwriters, for their own protection, to investigate the dangers attending the use of the electric light. A special committee was appointed for this purpose some months ago by the New York board of fire underwriters.

An interesting paper prepared by Mr. Anderson, president of the Mercantile Fire-insurance company, and a member of this committee, was recently published by the Herald. Since then the committee's discoveries have induced them to make a number of additional recommendations, which have just been adopted and promulgated by the New York board of underwriters.

The capacity of conducting wires has been considered, and for lights it must have a weight per running foot at least equal to that of the wires, constituting the main circuit of the magnetic regulator of the electric lamps, or of the armature of the machine employed, whichever of these is the largest.

For incandescent lights the conducting wires must be large enough never to grow unpleasantly warm to the touch in no case must electric wires be connected with the earth or with gas or water-pipes running to the earth. Exposed wires must be covered with two coatings, and where there is exposure to water one of these coatings must be water-proof. At the point where electric wires enter a building a switch or "cut" must not be provided, so that in case of fire there will be no danger to the building. The outgoing and returning wires for are lights should enter and leave a building at points at least one foot from each other. In running along walls or ceilings, the wires should be inclosed in a tube not more than eight inches from each other; for incandescent lights two and a half inches distance is sufficient. Wherever wires are carried through walls, floors, or partitions in buildings they must be surrounded by a special insulating tube of substantial material. Are lights must be protected by glass globes, inclosed at the bottom to prevent the fall of ignited particles, and where inflammable materials are present below the lamps a wire netting must be placed to keep the parts of the globe in place in case of its fracture during use. Whenever a current of such high electro-motive force is employed that, if concentrated on one point of the system, it would produce an arc capable of destroying or fusing parts of such lamp, an automatic switch must be introduced in each lamp, by which it will be broken out of circuit before the current approaches any dangerous intensity.

What a Boy was Thankful For.

Detroit Free Press.

This is the way our youngest expressed his Thanksgiving thoughts in writing: "I'm not going to be thankful for turkey and oysters and two kinds of sauce because we are a little out of the ordinary in eating these things. I'm going to be thankful for the things we have in our house, and the things we don't have."

I'm going to be thankful for my plate, twice, whether it's fashionable or not. I think a boy with half a chicken in him feels more than the boy who didn't get anything but the neck.

The more I think of it the more I see to be thankful for. I fell into the river twice last summer, and didn't stay there either time. I fooled with dad's revolver, and sent a bullet into sister Mary's ear. I'm awful thankful it didn't hit her in the head. I found a dog and sold him for a pair of skates. I found ten cents and forgot to hide it when I went to bed, and made a fool of myself. I got run over by a butcher cart, and wasn't hurt at all. I'm thankful, and the butcher is mad. A boy in Chicago was blown sky high with gunpowder. A boy in Cleveland swallowed pizen. A boy in Syracuse got burnt up. A boy in St. Louis got in front of a cannon.

You bet I'm thankful! I kinder wish I was big enough to knock a boy's head off when he turned up his nose at my two shilling skates, but I'll have to get along somehow, and be thankful that I can outrun any boy I can't lick.

A Virgin of the Old School.

The death, near Malvern Hill, Va., of Nathan Enroughy is likely to revive the question, often discussed, but never satisfactorily answered, why the name of a numerous family should have been so long a century, universally spelled Enroughy and not Enroughy or Enroughey. The members of the family themselves follow this strange perversion, always writing their name one way and pronouncing it the other, but can give no explanation of its origin. Nathan Enroughy, who is a 100 years—a soldier in the war of 1812, and a pensioner of the government. He was famous, even beyond middle life, for his strength, activity and endurance, and it is said that no prudent man ever ventured to try conclusions with him when nature's weapons were the only ones to be employed. For eleven years, however, blindness had kept him in helpless inactivity.

Moses How, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass., strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, etc., from the observation of its effects in his factory as also in his own family—so we see from one of our Massachusetts exchanges—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard*.

Fine veins of marble have been discovered in Union county, Arkansas.

"It is Curing Everybody."

Writes a druggist, "Kidney-Wort is the most popular of mine we sell. It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it. See ad."

When Cows May be Kept at a Profit.

No. 2. L. S. Sargent is Springfield, Mass. Hypobiosis

In every herd of cows there are animals which differ widely among themselves in their adaptability for profit. Each animal has a different digestive power, different tastes, different aptitudes, from every other animal. In one animal increase of food may